couch. "You don't know what you are

saying. You are beside yourself." He

forced her into the drawing room and

made her sit down. She was tense

and quivering. The cross fell from her

hand, and he stooped and picked it up.

"Try to calm yourself," he said, "to think of other things for a few mo-

ments. This little cross-I wonder how

you come to have it? I gave it to

Sanderson last May to commemorate

"See, here is the date, May 28. That was the day I gave it to him."

She gave a quick gasp, and the last

vestige of color faded from her cheek.

She looked at him in a stricken way.

"Last May!" she said faintly. Harry

head back against the cushion and

neering monster turning a crank.

Into her conscious view grew distant

snowy ranges, hills unrolling at their

courthouse and a grim low building

beside it. She rose stumblingly, the

train quivering to the brakes, as the

"This is Smoky Mountain," she said

with numb lips. "That is the building

where he is being tried. I am going

The bishop opened the door and gave

her his hand to the platform. The

train was to stop but ten minutes. He

stood a moment watching her as she

crossed to the street; then, with the

. . . . . . .

place was silent save for the throb of

the train on the frosty platform quiv-

ered like a criminal. A block away

he saw the courthouse. Knots of peo-

ple were standing about its door wait-

ing for what? A fit of trembling seiz-

All his years Hugh had been a moral

for the grosser, material pleasures it

held. He had cared for nobody, had

held nothing sacred. He had now only

to keep silence, let Harry Sanderson

pay the penalty, and he need dread no

might be he could disappear, as the

rector of St. James' had disappeared be-

fore. He might change his name and

live at ease in some quarter of the

But a worse thing would haunt him

ordeal the cheapness and swagger, the

ostentation and self esteem, had burn-

ed away, and his soul had stood

not then been the austere terror. What

came after? That had appalled him.

Suppose he told the truth now and

righteousness or for the love of any

human being, but he could do one now.

For the one red counter that had been

a symbol of a day of evil living he

could render a deed that would make

regultal for those unpaid days. He

would not have played the coward's

part. It would repair the wrong be

**EVERYBODY** 

ure of one's health and strength; then

why not see to it that such an import-

ant organ is kept in a strong, healthy

condition The best medicine to as

HOSTETTER'S

STOMACH BITTERS

sist the stomach is

world, his alarm laid forever.

blood guilty!

to die.

station to send a telegram.

bishop entered.

there now."

ed him.

feet, a straggling town, a staring white

his ordination." He twisted it open.

# Catan \* \* Sanderson

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES,

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Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc.

mined to disinherit his scapegrace son Twin Peaks in the gray dawn of the bad been mistaken! She leaned her Hugh in favor of his blind ward, Jes- next morning.

Bugh, and a foreign surgeon is coming to operate on her eyes. Jessica, whose sight is restored, is married to startled at her pailor. "I know," he hope, no hope, no hope the first through he said pityingly. "I have heard."

She winced. "Does Aniston know?" entered she did not turn her head. He

year has passed. Hugh, who has been guess you want to spare him strain or ing landscape she saw only a crowded proaches Harry for his downfall. The excitement, but I must tell him?" room, a jury box, a judge's bench and minister in an effort to save him plays. He reflected a moment. He thought cards with him on the altar table. Harry stakes gold and the spendthrift there was any one who had ever had the forever. The bright sunlight was more

car with tramps. He wears a ring "Very well," he said. "Come," and with his initials. "H. S." but they sig- led the way into the car.

CHAPTER XV.—Jessica is worried by her supposed husband's illness and goes to his cabin. Jessica's love for Hugh returns.

Hugh's haggard face peered after them through a rift in a window curtain. What could she have suspected?

he knows. His look of hatred is seen

away with Devlin's child, and Harold. In a hoarse whisper.

[A the bishop, "Jessica is in wonted buzz about the station.] The

still does not know who he really is.

CHAPTER XX.—Harry, in his sleep, enters Jessica's room at the sanitarium. He is taken for a burglar, and she helps they told of it."

nim to escape.

CHAPTER XXI.—Harry finds the draft and takes himself for Hugh Stires, thief. Working on the claim, he finds a rich pocket of gold. David Stires tells Jessica Hugh has refunded the \$5,000, which has been paid by Harry.

Did they tell you that he is unjustly, tires forgives his son and then dies. CHAPTER XXII.—Harry pays a visit

to his old home.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Harry returns to Smoky Mountain and finds over the grave of Stires a statue, "The Prodigat Son," carved by Jessica. He believes the dead man to have been his father.

Jessica, still calling him Hugh, consciences past and her own wrong

her love for him. CHAPTER XXIV .- Hallelujah Jones in Smoky Mountain and rec ognizes Harry as the gambling rector. His voice reculls to Harry his identity. He is crushed by the knowledge that he has been coveting Hugh's wife. Jesgast in the act of robbing the sluice. He dies after telling the sheriff Hugh is the murderer of Moreau, found dying on the hillside months before. CHAPTER XXV.—Haunted by Mo-

charter AXV.—Hunted by Moreau's murder. Hugh returns to the mountain and meets Harry in his own cabin. They quarrel. As a knock comes at the door Harry thrusts Hugh into an inner room. Jessica warns Harry he is sought for Moreau's murder. He helps Hugh to escape, giving him his ring and the combination of his study safe, and for love of Jessica remains

face the charge. CHAPTER XXVI.—He is put in jail and will not tell Jessica the truth about the crime. Hugh, going to Harry's study, sets fire to it accidentally and is badly burned. He is taken by the

ty for Harry. CHAPTER XXVII.—Jessica at Harry's trial takes the stand in his de-fense . The electric lights go out in the court room, and she leaves the room. Hallelujah Jones declares in court that

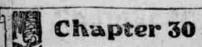
Hallelujah Jones declares in court that the prisoner is not Stires, but Sanderson. His testimony is refuted by the reports of the supposed Harry's injuries. Jones is run out of town.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Jessica declares to Harry that Sanderson would call his shielding of a murderer wicked and cruel. Jessica believes that Sanderson is the real murderer and decides to go and confront him.

and confront him.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Hugh, under Harry's name, is near death, but is believed to be recovering. He is about to be taken to the coast by the bishop when a message arrives from Jessica saying she must see the bishop. She is telegraphed to meet the train carrying the two men. Harry's trial, going against him, nears its end.

Jessica started to her feet. Self possession was falling from her. She was fighting to seize the vital knowledge that evaded her. She



O stand face to face with Harry Sanderson - that thought. The news that the bishop, with the

man she suspected, was speeding toward her-to pass the very town wherein Hugh stood for his life-seemed a prearrangement of eternal justice. When the telegram rea shed her she had already gone by Twin Teaks. To proceed would be

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAP- to pass the coming train. At a farther Sanderson had been in Aniston, then, station, however, she was able to take on the day Dr. Moreau had been mur-CHAPTER L-David Stires, deter- a night train back, arriving again at dered. Her house of cards fell. She

sica Holme, is dissuaded by the girl and Rev. Harry Sanderson. The latter, who resembles Hugh greatly, sowed his wild oats with the younger Stires in she did not wait for the bishop to find her lips. "Here is some water," the college, where he was known as "Satan her on the platform, but stepped aboard bishop's voice said. "You are better, CHAPTER II.—Hugh returns and is and made her way slowly back. It are you not? Poor child! You have welcomed by his father. There is no started again as she threaded the last been through a terrible strain. I slea, deceived by her blindness, loves Pullman, to find the bishop on its rear would give the world to help you if I m. He plans to marry her. CHAPTER III—Harry lends thim receding station. | He lei

He left her, and she sat dully trying CHAPTER IV Jessica is to marry He took both her hands and drew her to think. The regular jar of the trucks

son has forged his name for \$5,000.
CHAPTER V.—Harry, sent upstairs to bring Jessica to the old man, is misaken by her for her newly wedded has sica reproaches Harry for having led him in evil ways in college, Stires signs the will disinheriting Hugh.

CHAPTER VI.—Hugh flees, and Jessica reproaches Harry for having led him in evil ways in college, Stires signs the will disinheriting Hugh.

CHAPTER VI.—Nearly a guess why I was coming home? was there, at others she knew that she derson! I know of the fire," she went flight of time. She knew only that the guess you want to spare him strain or large large and of his large and of his large. The was alone, but was unconscious of the flight of time. She knew only that the guess you want to spare him strain or large large and of his large.

day of decent living an influence over Hugh for good it was cllessly, saturdally cruel and God a CHAPTER IX.—Hallelujah Jones, an Harry Sanderson. He himself, he specific manufacturing a crapk therant preacher, spies on the game Harry Sanderson. He himself, he and breaks in on it with Harry's thought, had none. Perhaps, remembished Hugh vanishes and Harry bering their old comradeship, she was jumps into an automobile for a swift journing now to have this influence exlonging now to have this influence ex-CHAPTER X.—The minister's car eried to bring Hugh to a better mind, falls into the river, and he is hurt, thinking of his eternal welfare, of his Harry wakes to fin dhimself unconscious of his own identity in a freight making his peace with his Maker.

nify nothing to him.

CHAPTER XI.—Jessica, accompanyStires, who is in poor health, is in a
mountain sanitarium overlooking the thountain sanitarium overlooking the Little Paymaster claim and the town of Smoky Mountain. In town she hears the name Hugh Stires execrated.

CHAPTER XII.—In Smoky Mountain Harry is taken for Hugh. He whips Devlin, the town bully, Jessica witnessing the fight. His part is taken by Tom Felder, attorney. m by one of the mob.

CHAPTER XIV.—Jessica and Pren-filled her imagination, The bishop put dergast. Hugh's partner, take Harry, out his hand and touched the relaxed whom they both mistake for Hugh, to arm.

girlish figure, the frosty fear that tray him. Presently the bishop would citaPTER XVI.—Prendergast hints blanched the haggard countenance, tray him. Presently the bishop would to Harry of the shady source of the bianched the haggard countenance, tray him. Presently the bishop would money accumulated by the former and spoke Hugh's surprise and dread. It return, the train would start again, and was she, and she knew the real Harry this spot of terror would be behind CHAPTER XVII.—Harry is suspected of a murder believed to have been committed by Hugh. Prendergast quarrels with Harry and threatens to tell what with Harry and threatens to tell what by Jessica and troubles her.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Harry is suspected in fown of robbing the sluice of a
hydranic company. Jessica's horse runs

denounce him, the guilty husband she
upon him! With a qualm of fear he
stood up, staggered to it and turned the denounce him, the guilty husband she the door. If some one should come in

CHAPTER NIX.—Going to Harry's great frouble. She has come with cad cabin to leave the forged draft for him. news. Hugh, her husband, your old Jessica, who still believes him to be Hugh, tells him she is his wife. He college mate, is in a terrible position. He is accused of murder. I kept the newspapers from you today because

wickedly accused by an enemy? That, though they may convict him, he is in-

-she loved and believed in her hus-

Hugh's hand lifted, wavered an instant before his brow. Did she say he was innocent? "I don't-understand," he said hoarsely.

Jessica's wide eyes fastened on his as though to search his secret soul. "I will tell it all," she said, "then you will understand." The bishop drew a chair close, but her gaze did not waver from the face on the cushionsthe face which she must read!

was still, save for the labored, freesular breathing of the prostrate man and the muffled roar that penetrated the walls, a multitudincus, cliin din, "You see," she ended, "that is why I

As she told the broken tale the car

know he is innocent. You cannot"her eyes held Hugh's - "you cannot doubt it, can you?"

Hugh's tongue wet his parched lips. A tremor ran through him. He did not answer.

Jessica started falling from her. held out her hand.

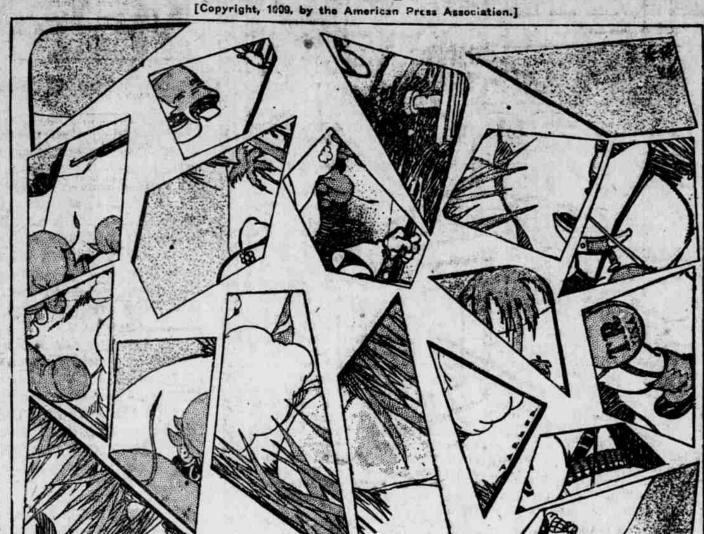
In the palm lay a small emblem "I don't understand." of gold.

"By this cross," she cried with desperate earnestness, "I ask you for the truth. It is his life or death-Hugh's had been Jessica's sole life or death! He did not kill Dr. Moreau. Who did?"

Hugh had shrunk back on the couch his face ghastly. "I know nothingnothing!" he stammered. "Do not ask

The bishop had risen in alarm. He thought her hysterical. "Jessica! Jes- Siceplessness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, ing in the shadow of the hempen

Teddy In Jungleland-Hunting the G. O. P. Emblem.



The Jig Saw Puzzle is the latest craze. Try this one. Mount the accompanying picture on thick brown paper, cardboard or a thin piece of wood, carefully cut out the pieces with a pair of shears in case the mount is of paper or with a jig saw in case the mount is of wood, and fit the pieces together. You will then discover a herd of G. O. P. emblems taking to the tall timber, also the reason why.

had done Jessica. He would have tween verdict and penality-not enouge wiped the cold lips deftly and ternot reproaches and shame, would folagainst him. He thought of the scaf- he must play out the role. fold and shivered, yet there was a more terrible thought: It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the liv-

ing God! He made his way again to the door and unlocked it. It was only to cross that space, to speak, and then the grim brick ballding and the penalty.

sadness deep in his heart, entered the With a hoarse cry he slammed the door and frantically locked it. The edge of the searching pain was upon him again. He stumbled back to the couch and fell across it face down, dragging the cushions in frantic haste over his head to shut out the sick soul dared not face.

and the second of the second o but she was unconscious of it. Some paid. one asked a question on the steps, and she heard the answer, "The state has key in the lock. There was not the just finished, and the judge is chargthe halted engine, and the shadow of

The narrow hall was filled, and. though all who saw gave her instant place, the space beyond the inner door was crowded beyond the possibility of passage. She could see the judge's bench, with its sedate, gray bearded figure, the jury box at the left, the moving, restless faces about it, set like a living mosale coward. Life to him had been sweet

She became aware suddenly that the figure at the high bench was speaking.

had been speaking all along: "With the prisoner's later career in Smoky Mountain they had nothing to do nor had the law. The question it more. Hugh Stires, to the persuasion asked-the only question it asked-was. of the law, would be dead. As soon as 'Did he kill Moreau?' They might be loath to believe the same man capable of such contradictory acts-the courageous saving of a child from death for example, and the shooting down of a fellow mortal in cold blood-but it had been truly said that such contrasts to scare his sleep-he would be doubly were not impossible-nay, were even matters of common observation. Prej-In the awful moment while he clung udice and bias aside, and sympathy to the iron bars of the collapsing rose and liking aside, they constituted a triwindow, with the flames clutching at bunal of justice. This the state had a him, Hugh had looked late hell and right to demand, and this they, the shivered before the judgment, "The lury, had made solemn oath to give." wages of sin is death." In that fiery

The words had no meaning for her ears, "What did he say?" she whispered to herself piteously. She caught naked as a winter wood. Dying had sheriff touched his arm and led the but a glimpse of the prisoner as the way quickly to the door through which he had been brought.

Yet Harry Sanderson was not afraid It opened and closed upon them, and of the hereafter. He chose death calmthe tension of the packed room broke ly, knowing that he, Hugh, was unfit all at once in a great respiration of relief and a buzz of conversation. A voice spoke beside her. It was Dr. saved Harry. He had never done a

Brent. "Come with me," he said. brave deed for the sake of truth or "Felder asked me to watch for you. We can walt in the judge's room."



EANWHILE in the narjudicial sense, keenly alive, from the very first had appreciated the woeful weakness, evidentially speaking, of his position. He had no illusions on this score. For proof of this assertion we point to A little while-after such deliberation its unequalled record, extending over a as was decent and seemly—and he period of 55 years. Try a bottle for would be a condemned criminal, wait sica!" he excisimed. He threw his Costiveness, Colds and Grippe and see noose. In such localities justice was

made expiation. Forgiveness and pity. doubtless, for the problem to solve it- derly. self. For the only solution possible low him, and it would balance perhaps was Hugh's dying in the hospital at rowing struggle of soul, that convulthe one dreadful count that stood Aniston. So long as the other lived sive effort of the injured body, had

And if Hugh did die, but died too and its weakness had seized him. His late? What a satire on truth and just stiffening fingers were slipping from tice! The same error which put the rope about his own neck would fold the real Hugh in the odor of sanctity He would lie in the little jail yard in a felon's grave, and Hugh in the cemetery on the hill beneath a marble monument erected by St. James' parish to fading senses, called them back to the the Rev. Henry Sanderson. In the outpost of feeling. dock or in the cell, with the death watch sitting at its door, it was all one. He had elected the path, and if it led to the bleak edge of life, to the barren that moment only the bare truth reabyss of shame, he must tread it. He mained. With a last effort the dying throbbing of the steam that seemed shuddering at the fate his cowering had given over his life into the keep- drew out a small, battered, red disk ing of a power in which his better and laid it in the other's hand. made way deferentially for Jessica, of Satan Sanderson the price would be

A step came in the corridor. A voice spoke his name. The summons had come.

Before the opening of the door the hum of voices in the courtroom sank to stillness itself. The jury had taken their places. Their looks were sober and downcast. The judge was in his seat, his hand combing his beard. Harry faced him calmly. The door of a side room was partly open, and a girl's white face looked in, but he did not see.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you ar-

rived at a verdict?" "We have."

There was a confusion in the hallabrupt voices and the sound of feet. The crowd stirred, and the judge

frowningly lifted his gavel. "What say you, guilty or not guilty?" The foreman did not answer. He was leaning forward, looking over the heads of the crowd. The judge stood up. People turned, and the room was suddenly a-rustle with surprised movement. The crowd at the back of the room parted, and up the center aisle toward the judge's desk staggered a figure-a man whose face, ghastly and convulsed, was partly swathed in bandages. At the door of the judge's room

a girl stood transfixed and staring. The crowd gasped. They saw the familiar profile, a replica of the prisoner's; the mark that slanted across the brow, the eyes preternaturally bright and fevered.

A pale faced, breathless man in clerical dress pushed forward through the press as the figure stopped-thrust out his hands blindly.

"Not-guilty, your honor!" he said. A'cry came from the prisoner at the bar. He leaped toward him as he fell and caught him in his arms.

The group in the judge's room was hushed in awestruck silence. The door was shut, but through the panels, from the courtroom, came the murmur of many wondering voices. By the sofa on which lay the man who had made expiation stood the bishop and Harry Sanderson. Jessica knelt beside it, and the judge and those who stood near him in the background knew that the curtain was falling upon a strange and tangled drama of life

and love and death. After the one long, sobbing cry of realization, throughout the excitement and confusion, Jessica had been row cell Harry was alone strangely calm. She read the swift with his bitterness. His certainty in Dr. Brent's face, and she felt a painful thankfulness. The last appeal would not be to man's justice, but to God's mercy! The memories of the old blind days and the knowledge that this man-not the one to whom she had given her love at Smoky Mountain, at whom she dared not look-had been her lover, was now in very truth her husband, rolled about her in a stinging mist. But as she arm about her and led her from the for yourself. Refuse all substitutes. swift. There would be scant time be the nerveless one was firm, and she knelt by the sofa the hand that chafed

And that was well. He shut the door of his cabin and whistling to his dog, climbed the steep path where the wrinkled creeper flung its splash of scarlet and along the trail to the Knob, under the needled song of the redwoods. There in the dappled shade stood Jessica's rock statue, and now it looked upon two mounds. The

old remorseful pein of conscience had

found its surcease. In the far distance,

a tender haze softening their outline,

stood the violet silhouette of the end-

ing ranges, and far beyond them lay

Aniston, where waited his newer life,

his newer, better work and the hope

Since that tragic day in the court-

room he had seen Jessica once only-

in the hour when the bishop's solemn "dust to dust" had been spoken above

the man who had been her husband.

One thought had comforted him-the

town of Smoky Mountain had never known, need never know, the secret

of her wifehood. And Aniston was far away. About the coming of Hugh in-

jured and dying to his rescue would be thrown a glamour of knight errantry

that would bespeak charity of judg-

ment. When Jessica went back to the white house in the aspens she would

meet only tenderness and sympathy.

that was the April of his dreams.

and son rested side by side, and that, too, was well.

He went slowly through the brown hollows to the winding mountain road, crossed it and entered the denser forest. He wanted to see once more the dear spot where he and Jessica had met-that deep, sweet day before the rude awakening. He walked on in a reverie; his thoughts were very far

prodigal had returned at last, father

He stopped suddenly. There before him was the little knoll where she had stood waiting on the threshold of his palace of enchantment that one roseate morning. And she was there todaynot standing with parted lips and eager eyes under the twittering trees, but lying face down on the moss, her red bronze hair shaming the gold of the fallen leaves. There was a gesture in the out-

stretched arms that caught at his heart. He stepped forward, and at the sound she looked up, startled.

He saw the creeping color that mounted to her brow, the proud yet passionate hunger of her eyes. He dropped on his knees and took her hands and kissed them. "My dear love that is!" he whispered.

"My dearer wife that is to be!" THE END.

#### TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH

Mix two ounces of glycerine with a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and a half pint of straight whisky. Shake well and take in doses manhood had trusted. If it exacted "Satan," he whispered as Harry bent of a teaspoonful every four hours. This The groups outside the courthouse the final tribute for those ribaid years over him and the flicker of light fell in mixture possesses the healing, healthhis eyes, "do you-think it will-count ful properties of the Pines, and will break a cold in twenty-four hours and But Harry's answer Hugh did not cure any cough that is curable. In hear. He had passed out of the sound having this formula put up, be sure that your druggist uses the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared and guaranteed only by the ravines of Smoky Mountain laughed in Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio,

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Pay What You Can. Pay When You Can. Every Chronic Sufferer is Given a Chance



Hugh's eyes were filming. That har-

demanded its price. The direful agony

He heard the bishop's earnest voice

speaking from the void, "Love-cover-

cth-all-sins." The words seemed to

stand out sharply, with black gulfs of

nothingness between. They roused his

"Not because I-loved," he said. "It

False as his habit of life had been, in

-was because-I-was afraid!" .

-when I cash in?"

of mortal speech forever.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

There came a day when the brown

genial sunshine, when the tangled

thickets and the foliaged reaches,

purple of late autumn, flushed and

lover and the silver water gushing through the flumes sang to a quicker melody. There was no wind. Everywhere save for the breathing life of the forest was dreamy beauty and waiting peace.

In the soft stillness Harry stood on

the last time. Below him in the gulch

the light glanced and sparkled from

the running flume, and beyond glim-

mered the long street of the town

son had been buried forever and the

where the dead past of Satan Sander-

the doorstep of the hillside cabin for 8

stirred to the touch of their golden

the ledge of life, and he knew it.

Dr. T. M. WALSH. President, Chicago Medical Institute. Established in Dayenport 15 years, 12 years longer in business in Davenport than all other specialists,

To treat with Drs. Walsh. Although hundreds have been out of work during the last 14 months, not one patient of ours ever had to stop treating because they were out of money through lack of

We have had 18 years of success here. Over 50 doctors, who were probably very good doctors. came here as specialists during that time and failed as specialists. We feel justly proud of our record. Most people think blood poison cannot be cured; still in our 15 years here we have not failed in a single case. We not only cured them, but we gave them a pleasant cure, We did no: let them become disfigured, with sores or with hair falling out in patches. One of us has speat nine seasons in Hot Springs, and while the treatment there is very heroic, still they have never equalled our record. Although we have treated thousands of nervous sufferers. some both mentally and physically weak, brought

on by dissipation and habits that were hard to break, still we did not have to send one in a thousand to a sanitarium or asylum. - Our success in treating Catarrh, Skin Diseases, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, has been of the same high order. In our surgical work we have never lost a case. Our special home treatment for women has been praised by all who have tried it.

MEN Try our painless, no risk cure for Varicocele, Hydrocele and

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